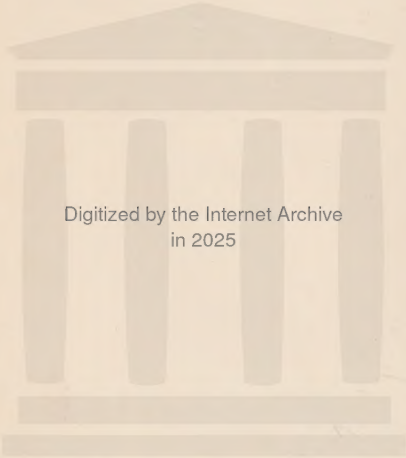
DRYDEN J 104931
POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN
PR -3410
E43 V 4

St. Joseph's College Library
54th and City Line
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19131

DEMCO


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/poeticalworksofj0004john

1323 /

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN

VOLUME IV

PR
3410
.E43

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
PR3410.E43 v.4
The poetical works of John Dryden.
3 9353 00025 9273
REMOVED
V4

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1843

104931

UNIVERSITY CLUB
OF PHILADELPHIA

CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

	Page
HE Flower and the Leaf	1
he Wife of Bath, her Tale	22
he Character of a Good Parson	41
RANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.	
Sigismonda and Guiscardo	46
Theodore and Honoria	72
Cymon and Iphigenia	88
RANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.	
The First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	120
The Golden Age	124
The Silver Age	125
The Brazen Age	125
The Iron Age	126
The Giants' War	127
The Transformation of Daphne into a Laurel	141
The Transformation of Io into a Heifer	146
The Eyes of Argus transformed into a Peacock's Train	152
The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds	153
Meleager and Atalanta, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	158
Baucis and Philemon, out of the Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	173
The Fable of Iphis and Ianthe, from the Ninth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	180

1537

Page

Pygmalion and the Statue, from the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 188

Cinyras and Myrrha, out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses..... 194

Ceyx and Alcyone, out of the Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 206

Æsacus transformed into a Cormorant, from the Eleventh Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 223

The Twelfth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, wholly translated 226

The Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses, from the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 255

The Story of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea, from the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 276

Of the Pythagorean Philosophy, from the Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses 284

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF;

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wint'ry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And swell the gems and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
To scent the skies, and purge the unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:

Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen:
And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day,
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight;
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well

Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade:
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons placed within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
E'en though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song;)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,

132 *On the green bank I sat and listen'd long,*
(Sitting was more convenient for the song;)

A deviation from the original, arising from the want of a rhyme, or his habitual carelessness. The original lines are—

——for as for mine entent,
The birdis song was more convenient,
And more pleasant to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any other thing.

And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard the approaching sound
Of vocal music on the enchanted ground:
A host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet, white as snow, the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain:

High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore;
These last, who with those virgin crowns were drest,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien; [queen.
By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sovereign
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursu'd.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.

At every close she made, the attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song, or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain;
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.

Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd,
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer webb the silkworm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er;
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these, of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed;
In golden armour glorious to behold;

The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermine fur were made;
With cloth of gold between that cast a glittering
shade.
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe e'en set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind;
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen, [green.
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands
And after these came arm'd with spear and shield
A host so great, as cover'd all the field:
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever-green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,

Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met. I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat

From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made;
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With songs of love, and mix with measures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.

The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their masters' liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet.
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.
The consort and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heaven to hear.
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day,

The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass in vain the assault, and stood from danger free,
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,

Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which, gather'd from the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt skins they laid:
Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.
The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the Lady of the Flower her guest;
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:

The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.
The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of the ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in blushes 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by starlight and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supplied with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,

The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow
She said; and I, who much desired to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in listed fields so well.
To this the dame replied: Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mould,
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,

We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
But when the moon arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And e'en this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That Agnus castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,

Whom death nor danger ever could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd.
And after death for deities were held.
But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were.
But what are those, said I, the unconquer'd nine.
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flower, and some the tree?
Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame:
Those laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain:
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,

Emblems of valour, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.
These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;

Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste.
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
E'en when the vital sap retreats below,
E'en when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made

Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night:
Blush, as thou may'st, my little book with shame,
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH, HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown:
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light

Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairy maid expects no fairy guest,
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,

The midnight parson, posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both evensong and morn.

It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cried:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd;
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,

No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king the offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate;)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.
Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
Thy destiny depends upon my will:
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mould,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life; reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
Unless thy answer to my next demand

Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surprised, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer'd turn in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
  Woe was the knight at this severe command;
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could find.
  His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.

One was for wealth, another was for place;
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win,
Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work e'en with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes:
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit;
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For womankind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.

Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with asses' ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honour and her own;
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was obliged to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But, if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab, and no pretence
Of honour tied her tongue from self-defence.

A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal,)
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of asses' ears:
Now I have eas'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.
Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale; the knight with heavy cheer,
Wand'ring in vain, had now consum'd the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)

He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were.
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, What makes you, Sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you ought that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,

Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfied of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide.
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town;
The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:

And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses e'en in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
E'en fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best.
Upstarts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought;
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,

And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar)
Cried, one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my plighted love, and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay, rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.

Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own despite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never such an ill pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd, and wriggled further off, for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
Are the round table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife;
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding night—without pretence—
Come, turn this way, or tell me my offence.

If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.
Amends! nay, that's impossible, said he,
What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
And is this all that troubles you so sore?
And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?
Ah Benedicite, replied the crone:
Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble Maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,

And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame;
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the sun, e'en in descending shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, e'en such are we,

Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind;
But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers;
Or man or woman, which soever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worse prevails.
Ether with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down.
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine:
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,

That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When he, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man; and liv'd in low estate:
Which he who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,

474 *Want is a bitter and a hateful good*] 'In this commendation of poverty, our author seems plainly to have had in view the following passage of a fabulous conference between the Emperor Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, reported by Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. His. l. x. c. 71. 'Quid est Paupertas? Odibile bonum; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; sapientiæ repertrix; negotium sine damno; possessio absque calumniâ; sine sollicitudine felicitas.' *T.*

Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For e'en that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue.
Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife.
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought displease:
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?

Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself, if ought should fall amiss.
Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard;
At length considering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus replied: My lady, and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life:
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease.
Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try,
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.

With joy he turn'd and seiz'd her ivory arm;
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,
And their first love continu'd to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man.
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor;
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador:)
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.

Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell;
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;

The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book,
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succour the distress'd;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,

Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest:
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd):
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd,
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,

The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried,
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:

And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most; admir'd by all
With what he begg'd his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

While Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise;
And, from the bright meridian where he stood
Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers' blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bless'd;

And bless'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will than gave his own consent.
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess, fresh and young, and fair and wise,
The worshipp'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,

Her sire left unsupplied her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be tied,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the shining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigismonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto she kept her love conceal'd,
And with those graces every day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breast;
Some secret charm did all his acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend;
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,

A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were denied;
But all those wants ingenious love supplied.
The inventive god, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note;
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
Take it, she said; and when your needs require,
This little brand will serve to light your fire.
He took it with a bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By some false confident, or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least;
And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)

With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd e'en the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
Was now the apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.
Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by heaven design'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires

Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state the invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way the tyrant had reserv'd to fly
Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers nigh.
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now tried the stairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issu'd into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
The instructed youth might compass what remain'd:
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the chok'd entry of the cave he found.

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With love to friend, the impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but the invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,

And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace:
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bliss by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems me not to say;
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight;
'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are short, of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;

So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily sight,
Of custom, when his state affairs were done,
Would pass his pleasing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He tried to sleep, as was his usual way,
The balmy slumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own despite, to rise:
Of sleep forsaken, to relieve his care,
He sought the conversation of the fair;
But with her train of damsels she was gone,
In shady walks the scorching heat to shun:
He would not violate that sweet recess,
And found besides a welcome heaviness,
That seiz'd his eyes; and slumber, which forgot,
When call'd before, to come, now came unsought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching sleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that use design'd,
So quilted, that he lay at ease reclin'd;
The curtains closely drawn, the light to screen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office soon, and seal'd his sight.
With heaven averse, in this ill omen'd hour
Was Guiscard summon'd to the secret bower,

And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damsels was retir'd:
For, true to love, she measur'd time so right,
As not to miss one moment of delight.
The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking every door,
Thought all secure; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had enclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haste,
And, panting in each others arms, embrac'd,
Rush to the conscious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted weight.
The sudden bound awak'd the sleeping sire,
And show'd a sight no parent can desire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love discover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cried; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement tied his tongue, and stopp'd the attempt.
The ensuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he stood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.
The thoughtless pair, indulging their desires;

Alternate kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the shades of death they play'd,
Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
Long time dissolv'd in pleasure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more suffice their play;
Then rose the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princess mingled with her train.

Resolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal spy, when now the coast was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unseen,
To brood in secret on his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he saw the crime, had scarce believ'd.
The appointment for the ensuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his trusty guard.

Scarce had unwary Guiscard set his foot
Within the foremost entrance of the grot,
When these in secret ambush ready lay,
And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An easy prize, they led the prisoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue,
And only said, Thus servants are preferr'd,
And, trusted, thus their sovereigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.

He paus'd and chok'd the rest. The youth, who saw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge the accuser, and the offence to him
Who had both power and will to avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus replied:
The faults of love by love are justified:
With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with seeming patience heard,
The prisoner was remitted to the guard.
The sullen tyrant slept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breast,
But would not violate his daughter's rest;
Who long expecting lay, for bliss prepar'd,
List'ning for noise, and griev'd that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And pass'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his usual hour
Old Tancred visited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for such his custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her maids dismiss'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;

But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
O Sigismonda, he began to say:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
I thought, O Sigismonda, (but how blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find!)
Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love:
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd.
A groveling insect still; and so design'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough to be despis'd.
To what has heaven reserv'd my age? Ah! why
Should man, when nature calls, not choose to die,
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his share of good; and when 'tis gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.

But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again,
E'en now would I conclude my happy reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shows downward appetite to mix with mud:
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
  For him I have resolv'd: whom by surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise;
For such was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent:
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
  As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee, more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live.
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer;
Nature's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring

On either side the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me.
Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears, had testified her smart;
But inborn worth, that fortune can control.
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend?
Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his had put it past her care;
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she not, as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justified her innocence,
And, while the fact was own'd, denied the offence:
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance midway, and thus undaunted spoke:
Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;

Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
I call to witness all the powers above:
Yet more I own: to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avow'd; nor folly warp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were tied,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justified my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine;
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
Had parents power e'en second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights
Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter: nature's are the same;
Those are usurp'd on helpless woman-kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting power to bind.

Thou, Tancred, better shouldst have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gav'st thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd;
E'en softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprightly blood with age be cold.
Thou hast been young; and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd e'en warranted by thy consent,
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires;)
If still those appetites continue strong,
Thou may'st consider I am yet but young:
Consider too that, having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,

And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd!
That was my case, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense.
Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an easy way supplied.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.
Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without considering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
(For so the difference of our birth requir'd;)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd,

(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd)
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all the offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
The unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.
But leaving that: search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty power inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will

Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill;
Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that, which made him noble, made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, though disus'd, and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.
Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts and person shine;
And thus compar'd, the rest a base degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deserving to be crown'd;

First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face
Excelling all the rest of human race:
These were thy thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,
Till interest made a jaundice in thy sight;
Or should I grant thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou shalt allege, through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth; whom princes praise, they should reward.
Are these the kings entrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
The people sweat not for their king's delight,
To enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he, who well has serv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
E'en mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth to lowest rank return;
All subject to the power of giddy chance,
For fortune can depress, or can advance:
But true nobility is of the mind,
Not given by chance, and not to chance resign'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside,

Myself alone will for myself provide.
If in thy doting and decrepit age,
Thy soul a stranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite,
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For life, I would not cast a wish away.
Such as it is, the offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear;
Or save, or slay us both this present hour,
'Tis all that fate has left within thy power.
She said; nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,

Clos'd the severe command: for (slaves to pay)
What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and desir'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne.
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.

Now, though the sullen fire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of humankind.

Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against the expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
For this, she had distill'd with early care,
The juice of simples friendly to despair,
A magazine of death, and thus prepar'd,

Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand the funeral present took:
E'en kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd
Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd:
E'en from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderness express'd;
But this last act of love excels the rest;
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make.
The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
The lov'd remains, and sighing thus pursu'd:
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires,
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd which thy fates decreed,

And thou from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes dispatch'd in little space.
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father e'en in cruelty is kind,
Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made the insult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep. Though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb:
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Releas'd their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,

Such as the majesty of grief destroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er fill'd before; and (oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart,) she kiss'd at once, and cried.
Her maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft inquir'd the occasion of her grief,
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief; it rests behind,
That, as our bodies were, our souls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.
She said; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught:
First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.

This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest; her hands yet hold
Close to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,

And quiet sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent;
Who, conscious of the occasion, fear'd the event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies:
Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see the effect of what himself design'd?
Yet, if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpse by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she, who felt her fate approaching nigh,

Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest:
These accents were her last; the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly died:
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for the offence,
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.*

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,

* A drama, entitled Theodore and Honoria, was acted in the wood of Chiassi, a word corrupted and altered from Classis, the naval station, which, with the intermediate road or suburb, constituted the triple city of Ravenna. *Dr. J. W.*

Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind.
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward; and, the more he strove
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,

Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not the expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;

With house, and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed,
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound

[88] *Whilst listening*] The next fifteen lines, which so strongly paint the sensations of a man upon the sudden approach of some strange, mysterious, and supernatural danger, may be produced, among many others, as a specimen of the high poetical improvements our author has given to the original story; for the passage that furnished this animated picture is only this in Boccaccio, literally translated. "In this forest Theodore, walking on solitary, and musing all alone, had

Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,

now wandered a mile's distance from his tents and company, entered into a grove of pine trees, not regarding the time of the repast that was prepared for him, or any thing else but the unkind requital of his love. Suddenly he heard the voice of a woman seeming to make most mournful complaints, which breaking off his silent meditations, made him lift up his head to discover the reason of this noise."—Boccaccio, Nov. 8, First Day. *Dr. J. W.*

With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, Heaven, she ran, and cried;
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
And, as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride:

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried and both were cast
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below:)
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds
a feast.
Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain'd,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place
Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me,
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes e'en here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,

Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,

With flowers below, and tissue over head:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly spright;

High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he strook:
Back, on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against the eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is the ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now the infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before the offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meager mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;

For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case
their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay the unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, reinspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,

The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd:
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd the infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
E'en they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap

She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd,
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd.
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare;)
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet, [wit.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I, nor my fellows, nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic muse:

Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd;
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,

But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd, that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, e'en in slumber, a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:

Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.

For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
Or judge of this, or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees;
On several parts a several praise bestows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And e'en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the first good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:

So checking his desire, with trembling heart
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
(So was the beauty call'd, who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she; What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd the envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,

No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by [love

Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.
Thus was the man amended by desire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear [fair.
The name of fool, confirm'd and bishopp'd by the
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:

Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press
he pass'd.
Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,

He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign,
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took;
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,

As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and e'en her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of humankind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake, by fits, and fill, the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,

Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
E'en if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died;
Who rather not resisted, than complied.
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last: meantime with sails declin'd
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,

And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain,
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few;
But crowding on, the last the first impel:
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair:
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd the amends, for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.

Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood the affair: some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

This youth proposing to possess and scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success:
The great it seems are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
To find the means that might secure the event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
The example pleas'd: the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;
In secret sent the public view to shun,
Then with a sober smile he thus begun:
The powers above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;

'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine:
To-morrow must their common vows be tied:
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.

Speak thy resolves: if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain;)
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show the foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lysimachus replied,
Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the rest: when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then ent'ring unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease;
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight:
And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ship well mann'd expects us in the port:

If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.
It pleas'd: the prisoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
The expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.
Now, at the appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are formed; the first is sent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last:
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,

Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain:
The rape is made, the ravishers remain:
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point: the sword inur'd to blood.
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corpse: the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies.
The victors to their vessel bear the prize:
And hear behind, loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grin'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws:
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RADCLIFFE.*

MY LORD,

These Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame! The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These con-

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems printed in 1693.

siderations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men; none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base, to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they (as the best poet and the best patron said),

> When in the full perfection of decay,
> Turn vinegar, and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptation of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers; are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects? or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia;

and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age), yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing! Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age:

> —— Non ingeniis favet ille sepultis;
> Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was,

or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state, who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age; these attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson: none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them, but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to show that we succeed: if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to shew besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished: that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate, with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause. But the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confess, a long digression, from Miscellany Poems to Modern Tragedies: but I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters; though at the same time, I am certain you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critic of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet, I know, you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets

their undoubted due of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a Chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us; and without the possibility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who, under pretence of reforming the stage, would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors, being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the English: our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they surpass us either way: yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from difference of taste in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons. Our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too servilely, in the mechanic rules, and we assume too much license to ourselves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their Scriptions, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said, to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other com-

mendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride: not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed, by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility, and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestic person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her; and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany: at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not: but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated than some others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader, than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal in the best. But as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often

luxuriant both in his fancy and expressions, and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and, above all, Virgil are his superiors. I have said so much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this translation, even, perhaps, farther than I should have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, pofesses to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it: but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those, who run into the other extreme of a literal and close translation, where the poet is confined so streightly to his author's words, that he wants elbowroom to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see (if they understand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verse nor loved it! they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a just reward of their pedantic pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's sense, for the most part truly: for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men, and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original, as the English can come up to the Latin. As he sel-

dom uses any Synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot say are inimitable, because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalepha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of those who understand not the Latin Prosodia. It is in the first line of the argument to the first Iliad.

Apollo's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we see he makes it not *the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but in his second argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the pray'r of Chryses sings:
The army's plague, the strife of kings.

In these words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every where observed the rule of the Synalepha in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use Synalephas, yet make no difficulty very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does in the very first line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ, Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκε, the Synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of Euphony, rather *Musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, sig-

nificant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years, we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied, in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that Homer in his long digression, has rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making the present sorrow of Andromache, to occasion the remembrance of all the past: but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death: first, when Priam and

Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator than the poet: for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it; he provokes to murther, and the destruction of God's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation, and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour, betwixt themselves, I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman, without incredible pleasure and extreme transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is, without dispute, one of the best of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection, but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest of your forgiveness. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Or bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæsar's times.
  Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.

But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire:
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bad the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,

Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The grosser near the wat'ry surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen waggon of the north.
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer space for heaven design'd;

Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd the ethereal energy:
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mixt with living streams, the godlike image cast.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written law, where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore:
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd,

And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age:
A warlike offspring prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet ———

THE IRON AGE.

——— Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the wat'ry plain.
Then landmarks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd;
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;

The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here opprest, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS' WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
The blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in the impregnate earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill the assembly with a shining train.

A way there is in heav'n's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of stars; thro' which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound:
The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the almighty nod;
And with a general fear confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.
  I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace:
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original:
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make:
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I tried whatever in the godhead lay;

But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods;
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd;
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The gods to silence were compos'd, and sat
With reverence due to his superior state.
Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,

[248] *But gangren'd*] Jupiter talks like a surgeon. *Dr. J. W.*

In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey.
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray: the tyrant grins;
And, adding profanation to his sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, opprest with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove;
But first he had resolv'd to taste my power:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so drest,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains

The neighb'ring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face.
  This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
  Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,

If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopp'd, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Rememb'ring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are low'ring on his brow.
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; the imprison'd clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound:

And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your wat'ry store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,

Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sap'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they browse;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands

Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face,
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;

Then gives it breath ; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echoes in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears ;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds :
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl ;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue :
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke :
Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd ;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain ; a species in a pair ;
The rest the seas have swallow'd ; nor have we
E'en of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.

Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind remain.
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.
O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said; The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones:
These we must cast behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and, veil'd, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell;
Then swell'd, and, swelling, by degrees grew
And took the rudiments of human form; [warm;
Imperfect shades, in marble such are seen,

When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The rest of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swell'd and quicken'd by the vital seed.
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find:
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
The temper that results from either kind,
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmear'd (the fæces of the flood),
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produc'd before;
But of new monsters earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations with so dire a sight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espied,
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
The expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.

The laurel was not yet for triumphs born,
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.
He said, and soaring swiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor stopp'd but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.

One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest:
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.
The enamour'd deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thyself, a son to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment:

For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.
The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
Oh were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone;
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay, nymph, he cried, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe:
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.
Ah lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;

Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails.
  She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight;
And now despairing, cast a mournful look,
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
Oh help, she cried, in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb:
Or change my form whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round

Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god: Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;
When pomps shall in a long procession pass:
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as the immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO A HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleasant valley does inclose:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise;

And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning god.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came, crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a desiring look;
And, Oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy, whoever shall those charms possess!

The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whose high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the seas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh fly not; for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures: he pursu'd the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcæan plain.
At length the god who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then suppress'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the mist should over-run
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury she precipitates her flight,
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night,
And to the day restores his native light.
The almighty leacher, careful to prevent

The consequence, foreseeing her descent
Transforms his mistress in a trice; and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
E'en Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love;
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The god, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And said she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love:
Yet to refuse so slight a gift, would be
But more to increase his consort's jealousy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart assail'd;
And stronger love had sure at length prevail'd,
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possest,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love.
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep;
The rest on duty still their station keep;
Nor could the total constellation sleep.

Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams, defil'd with mud.
Her woful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd.
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.
Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
E'en Inachus himself was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company:
They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took;
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look;

And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief.
Which with her foot she makes him understand;
And prints the name of Io in the sand.
Ah wretched me! her mournful father cried;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw;
And wept, and then these tender words ensue.
And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found?
So found, is worse than lost: with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast;
And speech denied by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy issue fed.
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality.
More had he said, but fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away,
To some fresh pasture, on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear:
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maïa, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped;
His flying hat was fasten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and slily stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd, and sung;
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleasure Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
And, Whosoe'er thou art, my friend, said he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.
The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time;
And still, betwixt, his tuneful pipe he plies;

And watch'd his hour, to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take:
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus; A nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursu'd,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude:
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd;
Like Phœbe clad, e'en Phœbe's self she seems,
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs:
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too.
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor staid to hear the courtship of the god;
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood:

There by the river stopt, and, tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new rising on the place.
And while he sighs his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new music, Thou, he said,
Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shalt be the consort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice and song suppress;
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once in one perpetual night.

These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries:
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The goddess was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease:

Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again,
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks:
A goddess now through all the Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd.
With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the Sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender, to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger, and with shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth:
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
E'en I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,

Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To near an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymené were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy the ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:

From Meroë's burning sands he herds his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNEXION TO THE FORMER STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was imposed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digression to the story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial connexions in all the Metamorphoses: for he only says, that Theseus obtained such honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourse to him in their necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon, though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him the Caledonians sought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cause, a boar, who ravag'd far and near,
Of Cynthia's wrath the avenging minister.
For Oeneus with autumnal plenty bless'd,
By gifts to heaven his gratitude express'd:
Cull'd sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan and Pales, offer'd sheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's shrine.
Beginning from the rural gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:

Each deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane the invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches e'en the gods; the queen of night
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls the Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eyeballs glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thick set thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
And grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep

Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus, join'd with bold Pirithous, came,
A single concord in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes, and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t'other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,

But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averse. O happy youth, he cried;
For whom thy fates reserve so fair a bride!
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And force him to pursue the now neglected prey.
There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
Which overlook'd the shaded plains below.
No sounding axe presum'd those trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger sought:
A valley stood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;
The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung amain
Like lightning sudden, on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his mark,
And stuck his boar-spear on a maple's bark.
Then Jason; and his javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopsus was next; but, ere he threw, address'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy priest;
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy present aid afford;
That I may reach the beast. The god allow'd
His prayer, and, smiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the savage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire,
And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a sling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidst the foes, so flies a mighty stone,
As flew the beast; the left wing put to flight,

The chiefs o'erborne, he rushes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid [aid.
In dust, and next to death, but for their fellows'
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more sustain
The bulk; the bulk unpropp'd falls headlong on the plain.
Nestor had fail'd the fall of Troy to see,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monstrous foe was still too near.
Against a stump his tusk the monster grinds,
And in the sharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, trusting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future stars, appear;
White were their habits, white their horses were
Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandish'd at the foe:
Nor had they miss'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming spears, not pervious to the steed.
But Telamon rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising root, that held his fasten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntress was not slow
To expel the shaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the fasten'd arrow stood,

And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She blush'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applause, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the first to see, and first to show
His friends the marks of the successful blow.
Nor shall thy valour want the praises due,
He said; a virtuous envy seiz'd the crew.
They shout; the shouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes frustrate the design.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flourishes his double-biting axe:
Then forward to his fate, he took a stride
Before the rest, and to his fellows cried,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beast defend.
Thus boasted he; then stretch'd, on tiptoe stood,
Secure to make his empty promise good
But the more wary beast prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Rush out, and clotted blood distains the ground.
Pirithous, no small portion of the war,
Press'd on, and shook his lance; to whom from far
Thus Theseus cried: O stay, my better part,
My more than mistress; of my heart, the heart:

The strong may fight aloof: Ancæus tried
His force too near, and by presuming died:
He said, and, while he spake, his javelin threw;
Hissing in air the unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that stood betwixt
The marksman and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jason threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and slew an undeserving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in the event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd salvage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound;
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.
This act with shouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnership of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot inpress'd

On the strong neck of that destructive beast;
And gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, said he, fair Nonacrine, my prize;
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praise, with thine:
At this presents her with the tusky head
And chine, with rising bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the gift: and seem'd to take
With double pleasure, for the giver's sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent,
And a deaf murmur through the squadron went:
All envied; but the Thestyan brethren show'd
The least respect, and thus they vent their spleen aloud:
Lay down those honour'd spoils, nor think to share,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Trust not thy beauty; but restore the prize,
Which he, besotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with spite,
From her they snatch the gift, from him the giver's right.
But soon the impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cried, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper cost,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boast.
At this advanc'd, and, sudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' bosom plung'd the sword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement slow,

Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow, [stood,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he
Receiv'd the steel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her son's conquest; when at length appear
Her grisly brethren stretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the sudden sight, she chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cause, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her soul; at last 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in succession dries
The tears that stood considering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When she was lab'ring in the throes of birth
For the unborn chief, the fatal sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning sung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal destiny:
So vanish'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung hasty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log, in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and heav'd, she thrice re-
The sister and the mother long contest, [press'd:

Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now low'ring looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears she dried
With blushing rage, are by new tears supplied;
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
The imperious tempest, and the impetuous seas;
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brothers' ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying her dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;

But blood for blood, and death for death is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all.
Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell, you wait my duty) take your due;
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurried? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live;
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall the unpunish'd wretch insult the
Triumphant live? not only live, but reign?
While you, thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or dread the burning coast.
I cannot; cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal;
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou died, my son, in infant years,
Thy little hearse had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;

Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire;
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.
I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But having paid their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.
At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.
Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins·
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cried,
With what becoming fate in arms he died!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,

And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more:
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees unsluice their eyes;
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loathes a life prolong'd with pain.
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I a hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the god;
Those tongues, that wit, those streams, that god in vain
Would offer to describe his sisters' pain:
They beat their breasts with many a bruising blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the snow.

The corpse they cherish, while the corpse remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiss the bed on which the body lay:
And when those funeral flames no longer burn,
(The dust compos'd within a pious urn)
E'en in that urn their brother they confess,
And hug it in their arms, and to their bosoms press.
His tomb is rais'd; then, stretch'd along the ground,
Those living monuments his tomb surround:
E'en to his name, inscrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kisses wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury spent,
Not with less ruin, than a race content:
Excepting Gorge, perish'd all the seed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at last, no longer she pursu'd
The weeping sisters; but with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and sent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the river-god, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, relates another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees; of which he was partly an eye-witness.

Thus Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and, admiring, fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground

Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,

Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone),
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot;)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:

This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first were seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were serv'd to board;
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side

Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savoury bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and [still,
Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:

Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the god. The neighbourhood, said he,
Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A wat'ry desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains:
Wond'ring with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,

The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and
tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.
A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, Farewell, O faithful spouse, they said
At once the incroaching rinds their closing lips in-
vade.

E'en yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour heaven, shall heavenly honour share.

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnossian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle resounds)
At Phæstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good;
Esteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood:
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind:
If heaven, said Lygdus, will vouchsafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth;
Beside, when born, the tits are little worth;

Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use,
(Bear witness, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey.
Yet Telethusa still persists, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
To extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear;
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of night,
Before the approaches of returning light
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow sheaves her shining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Osiris, sought along the banks of Nile;
The silent god; the sacred crocodile;
And, last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the lab'ring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice that thus distinctly spake:
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.

Delude with art thy husband's dire decree :
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me ;
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless deity.
This promise made, with night the goddess fled :
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed :
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
The indulgent mother did her care employ,
And pass'd it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone ;
The father paid his vows as for a son ;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was : the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eas'd :
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit show'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of settling in the world his only son.
Ianthe was his choice ; so wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare :
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.

They soon espous'd: for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one school they grew.
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care:
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief:
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her despair adds fuel to her fire:
A maid with madness does a maid desire.
And, scarce refraining tears, Alas! said she,
What issue of my love remains for me!
How wild a passion works within my breast!
With what prodigious flames am I possess'd!
Could I the care of Providence deserve,
Heaven must destroy me, if it would preserve.
And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
Some usual evil for my punishment:
Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
Where Nature shows no prospect of return.
Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire:
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire:
The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
And birds for mates the males of their own species
choose.

Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire:
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design:
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;

'Tis past the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: thus accurs'd
In midst of water I complain of thirst.
Why comest thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
And why should Hymen lift his torch on high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns:
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day,
And strives to interpose some new delay:
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And emptied all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.
Then Telethusa had recourse to prayer,
She and her daughter with dishevell'd hair;

Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And sevenfold falls of disemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
With all thy marks of awful majesty:
The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
Thy words I noted, which I still retain;
Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears pursu'd her words, and while she spoke,
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound.
Some hopes these happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride:
The whiteness of her skin forsook her face:

Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace:
Her features and her strength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.

Now when the star of day had shown his face,
Venus and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descended to complete their happy love;
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid,
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE,

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propœtides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into stone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, detested all women for their sake, and resolved never to marry. He falls in love with a statue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his descendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter incestuously loves her own father; for which she is changed into a tree which bears her name. These two stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed:
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been:

One would have thought she could have stirr'd; but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean:
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furnishes her closet first; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells:
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing-birds in silver cages hung;

And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, fashionable robes her person deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.
Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread:
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side,
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.

The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant the inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,

And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint.
The pleasing task he fails not to renew:
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame to use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise,
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with surprise.
The goddess present at the match she mad
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten moons had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this story with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the last: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far distant from Cyprus, where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia, whither she fled. You will see the reason of this note, soon after the first lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire:
I sing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment:
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years;

How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire, had merited a curse:
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? Or makes my mind alone
The imagin'd sin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick she bore,

And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before.
All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind.
But man a slave of his own making lives:
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but those which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite,
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,

So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:
More impious maid! What more canst thou design?
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face the avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time the increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane:
Observant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she; but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their names, inquir'd of her,

Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer?
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd; and as she sigh'd, began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty;
And dried the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd:
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
And, ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her so continue still:
The word of Pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose;
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind:
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again:
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
Stops and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
Fain would begin, but understands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,

This way and that she nods, considering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that sad thought she rests; resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewell, she softly cries;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause:
This said, about her neck the noose she draws.
The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs and hollow sounds: surprised with fright,
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light:
Unlocks the door, and ent'ring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death.
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loathe her life, and languish in despair?
The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit: the beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast;
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food she drew

From those dry founts, her secret ill to show.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied:
Nor only promis'd secrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If heaven offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd:
But yet surmis'd, that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursu'd her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus, I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experienc'd age shall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder clap,

The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wouldst hear, is impious e'en to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling, both with age and terror, stands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.

Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon oppress'd
With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast;
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd;
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she tried;
The faltering tongue its office still denied:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed! [shook,
Then groan'd and ceas'd; the good old woman
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would:
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,

To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy sire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd:
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curst occasion took: the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd her years,
And she replied, the same that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,

And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was insincere:
So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd;
The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
And, shrunk within their sockets, lost their light.
Icarius first withdraws his holy flame:
The Virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent:
She stumbled thrice (an omen of the event);
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
E'en bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, the accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed the expecting monarch lay:
Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin:

Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
Her ling'ring thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
The fatal secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets.
He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove,
With maiden modesty, against her love;
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he said, My daughter, cease thy fears,
(Because the title suited with her years;)
And, Father, she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left the incestuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime she bred:
Another, and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime, and criminal, to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew the avenging sword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.

Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to the Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd:
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
To accept my penitence, and hear my prayer,
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain:
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For, while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.

And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread

The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
E'en envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNEXION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star) and king of Trachin, in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone, daughter to Æolus, god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ship to sail to Claros, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the gods might be atoned.

These prodigies affect the pious prince,
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering died unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay

Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone!
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul e'en then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for, once indulg'd, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And not content with seas insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:

The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of the event.
But if not fears, or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to soothe her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promise of so short a stay prevails:
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell.
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.

The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main:
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When e'en the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight, she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run,
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far
Like heralds, first denounce the wat'ry war.
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the topsail; let the mainsheet fly,
And furl your sails: The winds repel the sound
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.

Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth, with labour, laves
The intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole, [roll.
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;

As from a lofty summit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light:
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds with added power
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings wash'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Meantime in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One rising, falling one; the heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkness and tempest make a double night.
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and, an host alone,
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;

So while the invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth, advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.
A universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods im-
And e'en the skies he cannot see, adores. [plores,
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more:
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night

He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and overboard the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd insults the waves be-
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore [low;
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow
Down sinks the ship within the abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks with fruitless care
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, despair.
E'en he, who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his consort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer,
Names as a charm against the waves and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And e'en when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,

Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Meantime Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All powers implor'd, but, far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part.
This last petition heard of all her prayer,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.
But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,

Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god,
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies:)
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent house of Sleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose, without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,

The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing, sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was the unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin ent'ring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin:
At length shook off himself; and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,

The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep:
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams:
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the ignoble commons play:
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:

Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the Queen bespoke:
Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife,
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo! all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main;
And never shalt thou see thy loving lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford:

But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.

Thus said the player god; and adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief opprest,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her breast:
Then stretch'd her arms to embrace his body bare,
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake, she cried, Oh stay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair:
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:

No more Alcyone, she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:

His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face; [hair,
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the place:
There, e'en just there, he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was, she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd and said: This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear presag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; e'en not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there:
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd:
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,

Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,
And stopp'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied,
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.
'Twas morning; to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase

At nearer sight; and she's herself the less:
Now driven ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!
She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the incursions of the flood;)
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her wings;
A bird new made about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore; and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas;
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her stretch her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then flickering to his pallid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown.
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,

But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compress'd
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest:
A wint'ry queen: her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

These some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant shows,
The former tale reviving others' woes:
That sable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy.
Himself was Hector's brother, and had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date,
Perhaps had rivall'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoé, a country maid,

Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clownishness profess'd,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket, or the mead pursu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried;
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career;
Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scaped by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cried, Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you died.
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'erhanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.

Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curst the unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

CONNEXION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest of all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers,
This pious office Paris did not share; [wept.
Absent alone, and author of the war,

Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
To avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;

Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
The oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian galleys bore.
Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of power;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower.

A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from the insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all around.
The goddess gives the alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.

Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expense of blood the Grecians won;
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cried, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursu'd the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare,

As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart:
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well chosen spear;
The inviolable body stood sincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.

Not otherwise the impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled!
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,

And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives' blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest;
At him he lanc'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe;
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left shoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield nor armour can their force oppose:

Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swims before his sight:
The insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before,
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast:
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He tied; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.
With eager haste he went to strip the dead;
The vanquish'd body from his arms was fled.
His sea god sire, to immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard.
The feast approach'd; when to the blue ey'd maid

His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief invited guests were set around:
And, hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike symphony.
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.
The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From steel, and which could e'en that steel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Nestor thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before,
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.

Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd,
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common sute;
O father, first for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time,
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind
Than ought beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my second century I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led

Thy mother then, or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and all, alike her love denied.
It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The Power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried;
Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.
This also fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape e'en of a god could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman for a better name;
One gift for all: she said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without request,
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.
Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,

Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'er-
shade.
They sat: and summon'd by the bridegroom came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around,
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace,)
Came glittering like a star, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all
employ.
For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial kind
His crime pursu'd; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.
The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first; What frenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus, he cried, thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To justify his threat, he thrusts aside

The crowd of centaurs, and redeems the bride.
The monster nought replied: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his hand; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul ravisher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the doubled-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at first, supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
  Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd to light the sacristy,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eyeballs rooted out are thrown to ground:
His nose dismantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.

This, Belates, the avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.
Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires: The gods, he cried,
Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:
Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altars freight together flew
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.
Exadius cried, Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye:
Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd,
His eyeballs beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,

And caught the yellow hair, that shrivell'd while it shone:
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seer wood;
Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd like red hot iron within the smithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy, but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped,
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains,
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.
Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd:
First Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cried, What palm is from a beardless prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance.

But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon struck: which roaring out with pain
He drew; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
Thaumas and Medon, wounded in the breast,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew:
And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain;
But to his fellow cried, Be safely slow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
E'en then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And sleep thy fill, the insulting victor cried;

Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur died:
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent: while thus he stood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This Dictys saw; and seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
his weight.
The shatter'd tree receives his fall, and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd: nor seconded the stroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back: (who bore
No mortal burden but his own before.)
Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other plied him with repeated strokes:

The club hung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
He falls; and lashing up his heels, his rider throws.
The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive;
And from their dens to draw the indignant beasts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast; the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus: Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain the enormous weight was cast;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist.
Thy father's squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom, conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.
Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cried, Not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said, and threw
His ashen spear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his soul applied;
The sharp point enter'd in the Centaur's side:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd;

And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance portends.
E'en while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the Centaur with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his sword had slain in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas; who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dyed:
Him, fearless, I approach'd, and thus defied:
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he crush'd:
And to his mother earth, with empty belly, rush'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate; (if form to monsters men allow:)
Just bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy shapes in every part

So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art:
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck, and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat;
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome possess'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast: with equal flame
They lov'd: their sylvan pleasures were the same:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:

And, side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recall:
And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound.
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point applied,
And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing died.
E'en still, methinks, I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions' hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continu'd vest,
Spread on his back, the houss and trappings of a beast
A stump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose and mouth, and either ear,

Came issuing out, as through a colander
The curdled milk: or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw:
The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar.)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight; nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus;
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,

Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt the embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast.
And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy sex: to make thee not a maid:
And but a man in show: go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men.
While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether breast and upper man.
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It strook; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his falchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
Since downright blows, he cried, and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side; in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:

His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.
The impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side:
At length, Now, monster, in thy turn, he cried,
Try thou the strength of Cæneus: at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, the unhop'd success;
And, rushing on, in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? the united force,
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse?
Nor goddess-born, nor of Ixion's seed
We seem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)
Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds: he chanc'd to see
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;

The example shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave the intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes;
Yet still he heaves: and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respires again:
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs the Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd:
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions' rattling sound,
All hail, he cried, thy country's grace and love;
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief:
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Ashamed to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude:
We push'd the foe, and forc'd to shameful fight;
Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the night.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which, oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.
He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylus; that, a neighb'ring state,
And this, my own; both guiltless of their fate.
To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew,
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had given to change his form, and chang'd, resume again.

Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried;
And in all beasts Alcides still defied:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tower'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point: and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length with weariness and wine oppress'd,

They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Meantime, laments his son in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before:)
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain;
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
O, could I meet him! But I wish too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,

And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood :
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd :
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train ?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim : and, with one arrow, end the war.
He said ; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield ;
And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the standing [field.
The deity himself directs aright
The envenom'd shaft ; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name ;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame.
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train ;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile the unconquer'd chief is plac'd :
The god, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives ;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord ; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings ;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,

Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
E'en Diomede sat mute, with downcast eyes;
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Läertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES:

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstarted fierce: and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys hal'd aground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cried,
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar

With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see:
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (the inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy [stone,)
Just Æacus the king of gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;

This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd
Better for us, at home he had remain'd, [in fight.
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the
Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may heav'n his wish fulfill)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds, [wounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with

To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company:
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid
Rather to have been left, than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight:
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.
Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound:
E'en faithful Nestor less in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend e'en at his utmost need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded steed,
Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie,
I vouch e'en Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:

He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.
The gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He justly was forsaken, who forsook:
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(E'en the shield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field:
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!

Hector came on, and brought the gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
Th' approach, and e'en the sound of Hector bred:
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground. [crown'd,
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword;
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians, if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made pris'ner, Pallas made a prey:

But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomede away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend: and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.

Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensu'd:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to the expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence

And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free,
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried:
For, if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,

Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.
Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, applied her care,
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threat'ning influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O goddess born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,

By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge the offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprise I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial pow'r control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him to exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:

Reasons against her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel, and crowded with resort:
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew [stood
Scarce held their hands, and lifted swords: but
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counsel, since the siege begun:
The first encounters pass'd, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War seem'd asleep for nine long years; at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we tried our strength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel train,

Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common
cause pursu'd.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the power supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight, but wishes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thund'ring tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who plied his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cried, O base degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,

And kindle sleeping virtue into flame,
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?
But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes:
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host;
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treacherous Troy design'd:
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd;
Invaded Rhœsus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own strength, I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,

Alastor, Cromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.
At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, said he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;

He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought, nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The pond'rous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should wear?
For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; less, and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?
Beside, what wise objections he prepares

Against my late accession to the wars?
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For, if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you:
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in th' unjust decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he died,
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, the advice was mine: that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
The event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though faith is all in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head, above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wand'ring steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his sevenfold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.
Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil, and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone;
Who, had he not been well assur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at least Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear;
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.

Thy boist'rous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war:
Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praise
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man, if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and the immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;

If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuse to me.
He ceas'd: and, ceasing, with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applause,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain;
Then snatching out his falchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often tried, and ever trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a will to die
Did to his breast the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,

Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green stem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew.
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
And doubtful down began to shade his chin;
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.

The Cyclops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feast
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
Already Love his flaming brand has tost;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again

The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant lover chose;
Here on the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide:
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flow'ry than the meads, as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin,
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing, as winter suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste

Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but ah! more swift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fix'd in thy disdain:
Rough, as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud:
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden snake:
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run:
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,

And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;

A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.

Add, that my father sways your seas and I,
Like you, am of the wat'ry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heav'ns! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,

Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
I see, I see, but this shall be your last.
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cried,
Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes!
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return;
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.
Straight issu'd from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood
Up starts a youth, and navel high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn

Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass :
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was.
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY;

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.*

The fourteenth Book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus; the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A KING is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,

* It is a singular circumstance, that neither *Lucretius* nor *Pope* finished their philosophical poems. Ovid has not set forth the Pythagorean philosophy so well as Lucretius the Epicurean.

Dr. J. W.

Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house.
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee.
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood.
He said; and sleep forsook him, and the god.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:

What should he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted, and, when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the god stood threat'ning o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he studied flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away.
Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.
O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.
A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosp'rous gales th' Ionian seas:

He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which Nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.

The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun

The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browse, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endu'd with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,

And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread:
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power,

But not th' extended license, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she died.
The goat came next in order, to be tried:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one has lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,

(That neck with which the surly clods he broke)
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but, heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures' toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and product of his labours past;)
And in the water views, perhaps, the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then, broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests to inspect the gods' decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And when you eat the well deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.

Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And, wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate;
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossest,

And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd;
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal soul flies out in empty space;
To seek her fortune in some other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.
And since, like Tiphys, parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No steadfast station, but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
E'en times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay:

[261] *In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before*] Pythagoras, it is said, wrote a poem on the universe, in hexameter verses, mentioned by Diog. Laertius, 8. 7. *Dr. J. W.*

The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;
E'en heaven itself receives another die,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie
Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of ether flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning horns.
For ev'ry day she wanes, her face is less,
But gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.
Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?

Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.
E'en our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were:
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;

Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but, downward press'd,
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third and stiff, he sinks apace,
And, though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet, and hands;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wond'ring what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or e'en but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morsels eat.
Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire, first, with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth, and mother Earth subsides.
All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarefies to dew; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;

And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And, crumbling still, descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands:
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains opes; and there,
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth.
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaur in his current wash'd his wounds.
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose their taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, mainland before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;

Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a lake, are sunk and drown'd;
And boatsmen through the crystal water show,
To wond'ring passengers the walls below.
Near Træzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue from the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Inlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to inclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd
Endu'd at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify;

Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her sister flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair,
And thither youth resort; (for who would not be fair?)
But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy sleep constrain?
Clytorean streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abstemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.
Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,

Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and, firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store;)
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till, the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till, all the matter gone,
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find, [spring.
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting, his tail, in circles toss'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
E'en slime begets the frogs' loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake.
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.

Their mother licks 'em into shape, and gives
As much of form, as she herself receives.
The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white
arose.
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.
All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,

Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Casia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard, [rear'd:
(For softness strew'd beneath,) his funeral bed is
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin chameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow'd,

Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey:
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore the expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name.
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise,
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies:
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
E'en now she meditates imperial sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old saws foretell, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O goddess-born, with thy hard fortune strive,

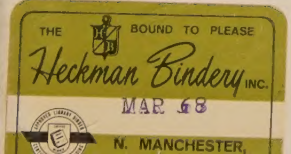
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
And therefore I conclude; whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change, and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires, or grandsires, shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:

O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
To inclose his body, and his soul expel.
  Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;
Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their
    breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter-cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight;
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.
  Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:

But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heav'n to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

END OF VOL. IV.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT.


THE
BOUND TO PLEASE
Heckman Bindery INC.
MAR 68
N. MANCHESTER,

39353000259273